

DISCONTENT

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"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

Entered at the Postoffice at Home, Wash., as Second Class Matter.

VOL. III. NO. 49.

HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 153.

IN FAVOR OF REVOLUTION.

I have received several sample copies of reform papers and among them Discontent of July 3 containing an article on "Revolution or Evolution?" by W. H. Van Ornum, and your reply. Out of a dozen or more Socialist, Anarchist and other reform papers before me, you are the only editor who frankly says the people must fight for their liberties, if they get them. As for Mr. Van Ornum's sneer at those who say we must fight, his own article answers him best.

According to him, no revolution by the sword can succeed in these days of big armies and invincible navies; therefore it is absurd to talk of fighting. What have we to do with success, if liberty is dearer than life? Patrick Henry said: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" He and other heroes of that day never stopped to ask about success. The woman who dies struggling with her would-be ravisher is a heroine; and tens of thousands of such women, I believe, exist in the land. Ought not liberty to be as dear to man as virtue is to a woman? But where will you find such men? I have peace correspondents in plenty; but I cannot find one who agrees with me in saying an appeal to arms is inevitable, and our only course is to make ready for the coming storm. I am not sure but that the hope of our country is in its women. They can talk of something beside money; and I find them braver than the men.

I suspect Mr. Van Ornum is like most of my correspondents. They see only the terrible new weapons, big armies and big navies and ask: "How can we raise money and men to match our foes?" They forget that revolutionists have changed to suit the times. The Boers have taught us that guerrilla fighting will be the warfare of the future, and that good marksmanship is the alpha and omega of the coming warrior's manual of arms. Think of the blacks of Hayti winning their freedom from France, when its ruler was the greatest general and her armies the bravest of the age; then compare them with fifteen or twenty millions of Van Ornums saying: "We can't!"

You may not consider this letter worth publishing; but if it is printed, and meets the eye of any man or woman like myself in thought and spirit, I should be glad to hear from them; but don't talk to me of ballots; they never broke a fetter. JAMES W. FITCH.

THE SERVANT GIRLS' DEMANDS.

As previously reported, a servant girls' union has been formed in Chicago, under the name of the "Working-women of America." The rules adopted are reported as follows in the daily press:

"Rule 1. Work shall not begin before 5.30 o'clock, and shall cease when the dishes are put away. Two hours each afternoon, and the entire evening at least twice a week, shall be allowed the domestic as her own.

"Rule 2. There shall be no opposition on the part of the mistress to club life on the part of the domestic. Entertainment of friends in limited numbers shall not be prohibited, provided the domestic furnishes her own refreshments.

"Rule 3. Gentlemen friends shall not be barred from the kitchen or back porch. Members of the family of the house shall not interrupt the conversation arising during said visits.

"Rule 4. Domestic shall be allowed such hours off on Mondays as will permit them to visit the bargain counters of the stores, and enjoy on that day the same privileges enjoyed by the mistress and her daughters.

"Rule 5. All complaints shall be made to the business agent of the union. The question of wage shall be settled at time of employment; and no reduction shall be allowed."

Three hundred women now belong to the organization. The officers are as follows: President, May Murphy; Recording Secretary, Stella Wendt; Financial Secretary, Margaret Keehn; Treasurer, Hannah Johnson. This is the scale of union wages of servants:

Cooks and housekeepers, \$5 to \$7 a week.

General and second girls, \$4 to \$5 a week.

Young and inexperienced girls, \$3 to \$4 a week.

The capitalists seem to find these rules very amusing; and the newspapers are waxing funny on the subject. The idea that servant girls should demand the right to belong to clubs, to go visiting and shopping, and to entertain friends! It is ridiculous, is it not? And the height of absurdity is reached when the girls demand that their mistresses shall not interrupt their conversation with friends during hours of rest.

To anyone who did not know the life of the average domestic servant and the treatment she gets, these demands would indeed seem absurd. Why should it be necessary for girls who earn their living by hard and useful labor to unite for the purpose of demanding such treatment as the commonest dictates of humanity and of courtesy ought to assure.

But "there's the rub." Mistresses may be very humane to persons outside of their service. They may be ever so well-bred, and show the most exquisite courtesy to members of their own class. But nine mistresses out of every ten (to put it mildly) are petty, vulgar, inhuman tyrants to the girls who cook their meals and wash their clothes and scrub their floors. Their inhumanity and insolence to their servants may not be intentional. They may not be conscious of it—often they think they are very considerate. But the inhumanity and insolence is there, nevertheless.

The average mistress—especially if of the middle class or of the newly rich—thinks that she has a right to every minute of her "hired girl's" waking time. She thinks she has a right to pry into the girl's private affairs, to inquire into every detail of her past life, to dictate her amusements—if she is allowed any—and to interfere in her friendships—if she is so unreasonable as to

form any. And then if she gives her an old gown or a last year's hat, she expects her to be filled with gratitude.

The overwork and the low wages of the servant girls is bad enough. But this injury is made a thousand times worse by the insult that is added to it. And then the mistresses are never tired of talking about the faults of servants—how lazy they are, how they lie, how they steal, and so on, to the end of the chapter. Very likely some of them are lazy. Very likely some do lie and steal. They would be more or less than human, if they did not somehow take revenge for the impositions of their mistresses. Change places, and in a few years the former mistress would have all these vices. Put any person in the position of a slave, and it is safe to say you will soon cultivate slavish vices in him. The responsibility for the faults of servants justly rests on the shoulders of the master class who determine the conditions that make them good or bad.

In short, the relation of mistress and servant is a positively immoral one, resulting in injustice, insult and degradation to the servants. And these girls are members of the working class, our class. They are the daughters and sisters of workmen. And because they are weak and defenceless, because they have neither the physical, the economic nor the political power that we, the men of the working class, have to defend our interests, the duty falls upon us to aid them by all means in our power.

We wish all success to the newly launched union of domestic servants. But our wishes go beyond our hopes. The conditions under which they work, their isolation from each other and from other workers, the large number of poor girls who must work in order to live, and who have no training in united action—all these things make it very difficult to organize them effectively.

Whatever aid the unions of working-men can give ought to be given cheerfully and vigorously and promptly—and no doubt it will be. But the working-men must do more than this, if they want to save their daughters and sisters from such oppression. They must make up their minds to abolish the system which creates a rich class and a poor class, and offers the weakest and most helpless of the poor as victims to the idle vanity and insolence of the rich. They must use all the means in their power for the overthrow of this system of class rule, and for the establishment of real freedom, real equality, real fraternity.—The Worker.

A VISIT TO HOME.

At last, after an absence of nearly five months, I again took the boat for Home. The day was beautiful, as only a Northern Pacific Coast day can be. The waters on Puget Sound were as smooth as glass; and as the boat made its landings at the various places, one

could see how everybody ashore enjoyed the fine weather. At last, the whistle blew for Home landing. Comrade J. W. Adams was making for the float in a rowboat; and after a hearty greeting, we went ashore. What a change from what I saw here last! Everything green; the gardens all in good, yes, most of them in excellent condition; trees loaded with fruit; vines full of berries; and as we walked along, we saw the cows lying in the shady places, chewing their cud, and giving us a lazy sort of a careless look, such as only a cow can give. The ducks were making off for the water at our approach. But where are all the folks? I don't see anybody around. "Why, they are all at the park, at their usual Sunday picnic," says Mr. Adams. Oh yes, I nearly forgot. After going up to my brother's place, to wash and take a bite of his own raised products, we, Annie, my companion, and I also, went to the park. What a happy crowd we found! How their faces express nothing but joy, at least for the present! How glad they were to see us! Everybody has a kind word; and some of them have two. We arrived too late to see them lunch; but there was quite a program to be gotten through, before the day's pleasure was over. Comrade Morton delivered one of his characteristic lectures. Himself being one of the most sensitive individuals to offence, he always tries to offend nobody, yet always establishes a common working ground, on which all schools can stand firmly. Music by the Home Band. Children sing with their sweet voices. This wound up the program.

What a happy lot of people! What a joke on our friend, Charles Taylor! How much he would change his mind regarding their cruelty towards themselves, and the advisability of their way of acting, in choosing to stay away from the large centres of population, in not taking advantage of modern inventions, and not working for those who control them; if he could only have had a peep at them, as they were going home from the park, some in boats, others on foot, all laughing, chatting with their companions, and compare them with the men or women who have taken advantage of modern inventions, and are just leaving their various places of employment. Is there really any need of describing the poor woman's looks and feelings, when she leaves the factory, or even the office of her employer? Or who cannot close his eyes, and behold before him the man who has just left the foundry, the mine or the smelter? No, no need of that! Anybody who has not noticed them in life, has not felt for them and with them, will not be any the wiser, after merely reading about them.

But enough of this. We are at Home. Oh, how I long to say that I am at Home to stay! But two days have passed so quickly; and then the boat whistles again, to land and take us on, and to take us back to town. But there'll come a time, some day.

LOUIS HAIMAN.

DISCONTENT

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY
DISCONTENT PUBLISHING GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR

Address all communications and make
all money orders payable to DISCON-
TENT, Home, Pierce County, Wash.

OFF AND ON.

The Coming Nation reprints, with evident approval, one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's reactionary and time-serving bids for the applause of ignorant and unthinking conservatism. Having sold her pen to the Hearst syndicate, she must, of course, purvey the kind of slush demanded by her owners, to meet the requirements of the not overly intelligent devourers of yellow journalism. The Coming Nation, however, has less excuse for making itself a eulogist of sex slavery.

In the article in question, Ella Wilcox reiterates her assertion that a man will necessarily seek to own a woman whom he truly loves. And this affirmation of sex slavery she denominates "love's language!" Love in chains, cringing to Madam Grundy for permission to express itself, a narrowing of interests and sympathies, a subordination of intellectuality, an enforced uniformity of tastes and consequent destruction of individuality, a ceaseless wearing out of the finer forces of life in the vulgar effort to keep up appearances, a constant submission of all that is sweetest and most sacred to the approval or disapproval of an ignorant, low-toned, indiscriminating and unsympathetic public, the hell of jealousy with all its hideous results,—these are some of the characteristics of her love ideal, or rather of the conventional copy-book ideal which she is suborned to extol, by publishers who would never allow her to write from any other standpoint. It is that of the unthinking mass today; and those who flatter it may always be sure of a certain ephemeral popularity. But it is by no means a high ideal; and it cannot meet the test of a searching criticism. If other evidence were lacking, the incessant appeal of the marriage advocates to force sufficiently demonstrates the untenability of their position. Persecutors are always wrong. The man who has another imprisoned for the expression of opinion openly proclaims himself an arrant knave and a contemptible coward. The marriage system dares not abide the test of a fair and open comparison, but sneaks behind theegis of force, in self-confessed impotence to maintain itself before the tribunal of reason. Its own acts thus brand it as a miserable sham; and its apologists thunder in vain from their dogmatic pulpits.

To say that the average man desires to own that which he loves (or thinks he loves) comes unfortunately very near the mark today. It is not for Ella, however, to make use of this alleged fact as the basis of an argument. She is far from believing that the desires of men today are invariably in accordance with right reason, or that they uniformly tend to the highest ideals. The notion of possession is deeply ingrained in men today. Its fruits are all those authoritarian

ideas and institutions, against which we are so earnestly contending. If this be an ineradicable trait of human nature, then not only freedom in love, but the entire Anarchist philosophy, is on an unsound basis. But the assertion is flatly contradicted by all the inductions of biology, which must constitute the court of final appeal. Man's sole primary instinct is to satisfy his wants, which increase in number and complexity with the gradual evolution of consciousness in him. All institutions and customs, including private property in chattels and in human beings, and the feelings and desires which arise from them, are purely secondary, as the means to an end. Whenever it is clearly apprehended that the same end may be attained more readily by other means than by certain existing institutions, ideas or desires, then those particular institutions, ideas or desires, no matter how widespread or how sanctified by age or tradition, become outworn, and are ultimately discarded. That this desire for ownership does not produce good results, and that already a counter-movement is rapidly spreading among the more thoughtful of both sexes, are grounds for deducing the gradual disappearance of this desire, which is simply a temporary and easily explicable phenomenon of human consciousness, and by no means an essential characteristic of human nature.

But the fair champion of reaction has yet another arrow in her quiver. She contends that no woman is ever happy in a union unsanctioned by marriage forms. This, if true, would be an important point. Let us examine it a little. She has no real conception of the position taken by the advocates of sex freedom, since she persistently writes of "common law" marriage, which differs from statutory marriage only in the absence of a formal ceremony, and of "the woman who resigns herself utterly to a man through love, without marriage." Both of these expressions imply sex subjection, and are therefore contrary to the true free love idea. Were her statement, however, strictly accurate, the fact would be far from unaccountable. While there have always been isolated cases of rebellion against social convention, the systematic, intelligent propaganda for sex freedom is of modern origin, and is still confined to a very small proportion of the population. As with all movements looking toward radical social change, the first to take up the idea were the restless, troubled ones, to whom it did not seem so difficult to hurl the gage of defiance in the face of the whole conventional world. It is no wonder that these first experiments, trying to escape from the wretched bondage of the old ideal, without fully understanding the conditions of happiness under the new ideal, should be accompanied by many mistakes, and more than a little suffering. Is not this state of affairs always found in periods of the "incoherence of transition?" It is not the fault of the new thought, if the wrench with the old sometimes causes pain. The knife which cuts the cancer often hurts; but it is not so bad as the disease. The treatment received from the outside world causes an immense proportion of the suffering endured by these pioneers of freedom. If people suffer in consequence of persecution, it

is the fault of the persecutors, not of the ideas persecuted. The remedy is simply to quit the persecution, and give the new ideas a chance to show whether their natural operation is good or bad. It is, to say the least, disingenuous to cause suffering to others, and then reproach them for their unhappiness. As well might the inquisitor cite the writhings of his victim on the rack, as evidence of the damnable nature of his heresy!

Nevertheless, in spite of persecution, and of the inevitable confusion and misunderstanding of a transitional state, freedom, even today, often brings great and unmixed happiness. To aver the contrary, is to confess exceedingly limited opportunities for observation. The free life of itself leads to happiness and growth, when lived in the true spirit, without which no happiness is possible under any conditions.

The Tacoma Ledger has a bad attack of delirium tremens, and is seeing very strange and weird things. In the course of a wild tirade, it shrieks:

With almost any form of crime the public can afford to have some degree of patience; but with those ravening beasts who term themselves Anarchists there should be no patience, and for them no toleration. A price ought to be put on their heads; and they should be exterminated as pests. . . . The nations of the world have points of difference. Their greeds clash. Their codes of ethics do not dovetail. That which to one may seem right to another seems wrong. On the question of Anarchy, however, there are no points of difference. The avowed Anarchist is the enemy of all. He should not be granted immunity in any. There should be for him not where to lay his head, in all the realm of civilization.

Selah! Such gross and malicious falsehoods once found ready acceptance, and caused us no little trouble. Now that nobody believes them, they are simply amusing. Their chief interest and significance lie in the evidence they present of the depths to which a hireling editor can sink, as well as the prescriptive attitude of the representatives of authoritarianism. All offences may be forgiven, save that of exposing the crimes of government. The nations whose "greeds clash" find a natural foe in the Anarchist, who is opposed to the whole system of greed and injustice. Better to be the vilest criminal, than an honest and fearless critic of "the powers that be." The evil character of government could not be better exemplified than by these hysterical demands for the merciless extermination of those who venture to point out the fact that we have outgrown the need of its oppressive restrictions, if such a need ever existed.

It avails nothing to affirm that some Anarchists have applauded king-slays and king-slayers. They expressed a private opinion, with which the Anarchist propaganda, as such, has nothing to do. In point of fact, every student of history well knows that tyrants have always bred tyrannicides. We may either applaud or condemn; but we must recognize the fact. Outrage is the parent of revolt; and the assassin of one man is at least less guilty than the oppressor of millions. Let us see things in the right perspective; and put the blame where it legitimately belongs. Assassination of rulers is most common in such countries as Italy, where the inhu-

man counsel of the Ledger is ruthlessly carried out; while the fear of it, at least as far as Anarchists are concerned, is practically non-existent in countries like England and the United States, where peaceful propaganda is possible. If the Ledger really wants to see a reign of terror in this country, its advice to exterminate all who preach the gospel of liberty is admirably adapted to secure the end desired.

The Irish World was recently suppressed, on the charge of "desecrating the American flag." The "desecration" consisted of a cartoon labelled "Flag Day in the Dependencies." It represented the flag bearing on its folds the words: "This Flag stands for Liberty, Equality, Independence, Justice, Fraternity," with the significant addition: "If Congress so wills." The only trouble with the cartoon was its truthfulness, an unpardonable offence in the eyes of the emperor and his satellites. It is of more importance that we should duck and bow in reverence to the modern Gessler's hat; this rag typical of authority and exploitation, than that the lives and liberties of millions of men and women should be respected and conserved. Free speech is considered to be a privilege, which should be reserved for government partisans. The great I AM must not be criticised. What a free country we live in!

And the star-spangled banner continues to wave
O'er the land of the fraud and the home of the slave.

I recently heard an opponent of Anarchism quote a statement to the effect that Anarchists combine an unlimited trust in the inherent goodness and wisdom of men with an unlimited distrust and hatred of all the institutions that men have created. The epigram is indeed a clever one, although based on a complete misapprehension of the Anarchist position. It cannot be repeated too often, that our standpoint is distinctly the evolutionary one. We wage no war with the unavoidable causes, which led in the past to the growth of certain institutions. Our quarrel is with the conservatism which seeks to retain these institutions in full force, long after their real or supposed usefulness has fully departed. We believe in adapting the institutions of today to the needs of today, and in rendering a similar task more easy for the men of the future. Our confidence in human nature is not of such a kind as to lead us to believe that the human race was created infallible, and needed to learn nothing from experience. The fact that men are so far from perfect, and that they make so many mistakes, is the very strongest argument against allowing these mistakes to become crystallized into fixed and permanent institutions. These primitive experiments were undoubtedly necessary, in the social evolution of the race. But their use could, at best, be but temporary. It is for us to improve on the past, and to provide for a far better future for the race. We are Anarchists, because we are not despairing, but full of hope—a hope based on careful study of the forces at work in human society. We are not working to introduce any set system, but to arrive at conditions under which progress in all directions will be rendered far more easy, and the exploitation of man by man will become impossible.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

TO MESSRS. JAMES AND COHN.

In the latest article in which Mr. James pays his respects to me, in a recent number of Free Society, two points fall flat—first, while he knows nothing about physical culture (and I believe him from his actions as well as his words) in confessing his ignorance, he has no right to say no one else knows what he doesn't know. Perhaps Mr. James doesn't know an Indian club or a dumb bell when he sees them, but having used these tools of muscle-building power in preference to instruments of torture in my physical culture work, ought I not at least to know something about them? Would it not be presumptuous for me to say to a lawyer: "Well, I don't know anything about law; neither does anyone else; it is all guess-work and haphazard;" or to a first-class mathematician: "I don't know anything about mathematics; and I'm sure no one else does." That sounds just a little like quackery and cock-sure judgment which Mr. James affects so much to despise.

Again, he says that Rome in its embodied spirit of authority reposes wholly upon ignorance. If he had said "of the masses" I might not have so much to criticize; but it is a fact which I have observed in my acquaintance with Roman Catholic priests that they are very well educated men, generally being able to speak several languages, and having a keen mathematical education; and even the poorest parish priest has a better education than many of the Protestants, either laity or theologues. But they would keep their victims ignorant. Oh, yes! That's what they're priests for. Rome thus builds her power on the ignorance of the masses and the knowledge of her priests. She is also on the side of the strongest and against the oppressed and feeble, Mr. Cohn, because the Roman Catholic church loves power, (as does every tyrant), and believes most fully in the survival of the fittest; and the Roman Catholic church, in its own estimation, is the fittest to survive; and, using Mr. James' own doctrine of doctors deserving what they get, we may say that the Roman Catholic church deserves its power and fitness to survive, because the people will it so. What is good for the materialistic medicos is good enough for Roman Catholic priests! Speaking of the Roman Catholic antagonism to all forms of scientific research, Mr. Cohn must not forget that a Roman Catholic pontiff changed and perfected the calendar.

Certainly there are scientific superstitions. All man's knowledge is relative, and as such is liable to error, that which we label science as well as anything else. A certain group of men rise up and dignify something with the name of God, and call it omnipotent and all knowing. Another group rises up, finds something it calls science, and claims its idea (science) as infallible. Wherein lies the difference? The facts of the case are in neither instance as they are pictured. Science is continually changing its views. Religious ideas are continually shifting.

Superstition is a false and unreasonable belief; and there are false and unreasonable ideas in so-called materialistic science, as well as in the worst forms of religionism. Space forbids me to point out some of the scientific su-

perstitions of the day; but, may I ask, what is a scientific hypothesis? Is it not, in plain English, a supposition? And may not a supposition be either true or false; and, if false, unreasonable—and a false and unreasonable belief is superstition.

Again, do not people believe in the discoveries of some great thinker, which, so far as knowledge is concerned, can neither be proved nor disproved by them? Is it not, after all, mere belief, which later events may prove untenable? Herbert Spencer, I believe, used the term "political superstition; and many of our "authoritarian" Materialists are full of "political superstition." There are many persons in the Republican party who, today, are "authoritarian Materialists, that is, Materialists so far as religious philosophy is concerned, but who would corner the universe for themselves just the same. Then Cohn asks about the non-authoritarian Materialist, when, as an Anarchist, he ought to know better. The non-authoritarian Materialist, being a believer in freedom and the elimination of man's authoritarian power over man, there would be no such experiments of torture as can very easily be enumerated under the reign of the authoritarian Materialist; and he is an Anarchist in the degree in which he is non authoritarian.

Allow me to quote Brann, the iconoclast, in regard to authoritarian Materialism:

"The naked facts of history show that as nations have deserted their gods they have declined in glory—have grown corrupt, barbarous and cruel. Rome was atheistical in the time of Nero—it was fashionable to mock the Pagan cult and revile the Christian faith; and Rome was a maelstrom of savagery, a saturnalia of sin. The wives and daughters of its most distinguished citizens danced naked in public with male debauchees. Poisoning had become a fine art; and parents dared not partake of food which their own children had prepared. The populace clamored for carnivals of blood; and the fashionables of the city, both male and female, applauded while helpless human beings were devoured by savage dogs or torn to pieces by wild beasts. Such was the baleful effects of Atheism upon the noblest city of the earth—thus did civilization and humanity increase as religion lost its power and prestige! If you will turn back your historic page but a hundred years you may get some faint idea of the effects of Atheism in France. That nation was suffering an acute atheistical paroxysm when it was dragging its fairest women to the guillotine, and cutting off their heads to make a hoodlum holiday; when it was butchering helpless prisoners by the hundreds; when it was filling barges with women and children, and sinking them, while the populace howled with delight along the river banks; when she established tanneries at Mendon for human hides! The very foundations of society were broken up—it was chaos come again during the 'Reign of Terror,' when France was insulting, imprisoning and murdering her priests, scoffing at religion and crowning a courtesan as 'Goddess of Reason' at Notre Dame!"

But what has this to do with Anarchism? Simply this, that as the philosophy of Anarchism is against the authority of man over man, let Messrs. James and Cohn beware lest in antagonizing what as the bugaboo of their own imaginations is universal ignorance, they do not help to usher into existence the reign of authoritarian Materialism, the dead Materialism of decadent savagery!

JOHN A. MORRIS.

No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature.—Emerson.

LETTER TO AN EX-PARSON.

An ex-parson, now a real estate agent and insurer against fire—not a very great break in his vocation after all—sold, with misrepresentation, a house and lot on the installment plan; the great "prosperity in strikes," or other causes, prevented the payments being made; the ex-parson wrote very strongly; and it may interest some of the readers of DISCONTENT to see the reply sent, which is as follows:

Dear Sir: Yours of June 21 duly to hand; but, for the life of me, I cannot answer it; I've been "praying without ceasing" ever since your letter reached me, to be able to make you a promise. God, however, in his infinite, or infinitesimal, mercy, has not accorded me an answer; and, pondering over God's silence in this matter, it occurred to me that he said "the land shall not be sold;" and he whipped the usurers out of the temple, and called them thieves. Is not this a fine opportunity to carry out the gospel of "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," and "take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I most fully realize this; for there is only one question before the world today—MONEY—the summum bonum, the necessity-of-life, the Christ. For this men and women lie, cheat, steal, murder; for lack of it suicide. What a man is goes for naught. DOLLARS are now the only mark of worth.

Business and religion—true religion I mean—cannot be associated together in any rational mind; how can they, when teachers and preachers of Christianity sell land on false representations at usurious profits of 200 and 300 per cent, or as much more as they get; and Christian churches uphold the men who have superseded the decalogue by the unalogue—THOU SHALT PAY IN GOLD, or be damned. I have no wish whatever to have my debts forgiven me by God or man—by the way, I am not in debt to God; he has no claim whatever on me. On the other hand, I know you are so overwhelmingly in debt to him that you cannot pay, and, therefore, trust him to forgive you. I can sympathize with you; perhaps you can with me; but I will hand you over the cursed metal as soon as I can get hold of it. In the meantime, if any of my stock of cloth is of use to you, you are welcome to it. I have delayed a reply somewhat longer than I intended; for just as I was about to write you, the Epworth Leaguers came to the city; and of course I knew they would keep God pretty busy with their various plans of salvation, and the different modes of administering it. One of the heads of the Leaguers, the Reverend Doctor of Divinity Berry, said: "We must go to work, and pump salvation into them;" and God would have to decide on the style of pump most desirable for the purpose of injecting the said salvation into women, men and children.

In conclusion, I was taught in my childish days that God knew what was best for us; and he would see that we received it, if we trusted in him; and "He is the same yesterday, today and forever." Has he not fulfilled his promise to the Boers? Has he not given them all they asked for, and even a little more? They trusted in him; so with this latest mighty example of his

goodness to the children of men, in the first year of the twentieth century of Christianity, I'll leave your matter entirely in his hands—although I see five bishops and five priests have been revising the Word of God for the last five years; and when they have finished with it, no one but the ten—the chosen ten, I guess—knows what sort of a book they will turn out; but doubtless this last revision, about the sixth, I think, is only to help the Bible publishing business, which has been getting worse and worse; and, inadvertently, it will materially assist rational thoughts about the divine inspiration of the book.

Finally, I don't care a damson what you do; and I know you care as little what you do, so long as you can collect the money debt.

"Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand."

"All the saints salute you."

"Amen."

KINGHORN-JONES.

TWO WIVES IN THE SAME HOUSE.

"Clearfield, Pa. May 25.—A remarkable case has been brought to light at Crenshaw, a mining town, by the arrest of John Vasilko, charged with bigamy. At the hearing it was shown that Vasilko had two wives, both living in the same house with him. The women were warmly attached to each other. Wife No. 1 had one child, while wife No. 2 had three children. In passing judgment Squire Felt decided to divide up the children, each woman to keep two. Wife No. 2 was ordered to leave Vasilko's home, but Vasilko was ordered to pay her \$10 per month for 30 months. The scene at parting was very affecting, the two women deeply regretted the necessity of separating, and Vasilko being loath to give up one of his wives."

Behold how the law protects the sanctity of the home, and the mother and her children!

Closely investigated, this becomes a curious case. As a man can have but one legal wife, woman No. 2 is no wife at all; yet he is obliged to contribute to her support—a meagre sum, for a short time. Apparently the righteous judge thinks there has been some partiality shown; and he tries to equalize matters by giving one woman's child to the other!

Here were two women in the same house with one man—very irregular, to be sure; but who was injured by it?

The law steps in, makes one man and two women unhappy, breaks up the home, separates one child from its mother. Morality is upheld; but who is benefited by it?—Adeline Champney, in Lucifer.

"OUIDA'S" PROTEST.

It is, I think, entirely true that Mlle. Olive Schreiner has been transported to a strange place, and imprisoned within a fence of wire netting, which is protected by armed sentinels stationed at intervals, with orders to fire upon anyone attempting to get through the netting to escape. In this place she lives alone with her dog, in one small room, for which she pays, cooking for herself, and compelled to remain all night without any kind of light. Her husband is refused by the British authorities permission to visit her. What is her offence? Merely to have espoused the cause of the Boers during the war. Is it tolerable that for this alone she should be subjected to the indignity of isolation from loved ones?—"Ouida," in London Daily News.

HOME NEWS.

Leila Allen has returned from a pleasant visit in Tacoma.

Anna Odell, with her two daughters, paid us a short visit this week, staying at the Adams home.

Comrade Louis Haiman's lot is being slashed, so as to be ready for him in the spring, when he intends to come and make his home among us.

Comrades William and Sadie Magoon have arrived, and are temporarily occupying the Sigmund house. Their daughter, Ruby Richardson, is stopping with them for the present.

This is getting to be a great place for music. It is extremely pleasant, on these delicious summer evenings, to listen to the sweet strains of the cornet, which are wafted almost nightly from Harry Winter's house. Practising is going on continually, both vocal and instrumental; and our frequent evening gatherings reap the benefit.

The advantages at Home are of a social and propaganda nature. Economic difficulties and sometimes hardships must be faced. Mutual helpfulness prevails to quite a large extent; but the main burden must be borne by the individual himself. It is a pity to be obliged to dwell so much on this least attractive side of the situation; but experience has demonstrated the necessity of so doing. People are apt to expect too much from a colony, forgetting that no small group can possibly so abstract themselves from surrounding conditions as to become completely self-dependent, and to arrive at a full and satisfactory solution of the social problem. While the present inequitable system continues, labor must be a sore drudgery for the great mass of mankind; and local colonies and cooperative plans, valuable as their educational influence may be, can by no means be conducted on a sufficiently large scale to relieve materially the economic pressure. All we can do is to find means of working under somewhat more congenial conditions, with the companionship of congenial comrades, and of forming a centre for active propaganda. Home is preeminently a place for hard and patient workers, who can endure difficulties, and who would go through fire and water for the Anarchist cause. Others will be cordially welcomed as visitors, but would not be permanently contented under the conditions here.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on Von Geldern Cove (known locally as Joes Bay), an arm of Carrs Inlet, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation.

There are 82 people here—23 men, 23 women and 36 children—girls over 15 years 4, boys 3. We are not living communistic, but there is not anything in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

OUR SUNDAY GATHERING.

Ho! for Anderson Island! It took the entire capacity of both launches, together with two rowboats, which were tugged behind, to carry the fifty-three merry picnickers, who set out on Sunday morning for a visit to our friends and neighbors. The day was beautiful, the company congenial, the launches (save for a slight delay at the start) in good running order. How could we fail to have a good time? And have it we did, to the very full, without a single marring incident. The trips both ways were pleasant in the extreme. Once there, our welcome was a hearty one. The basket lunch, in Mrs. Lindstrom's splendid apple orchard, was a treat to be long remembered. The afternoon was socially spent, under the trees, and about the place. The musicians found their way to the house, where they enjoyed their favorite practice. A little later, all gathered again in the orchard, to listen to Comrade Morton's address on Liberty. A number of the Anderson Island people were present, and listened attentively to an uncompromising presentation of the principles of Anarchism. The uselessness of government, the evils which it engenders and the fallacy of the arguments by which it is upheld, were clearly demonstrated. After the lecture, more time was spent in sociability, until the start home had to be made.

Next Sunday, we shall meet in our own Home Park. Bring your lunch; and come prepared for a good time. Comrade Morton will lecture at 1.30 p. m., on The Normal Life. All friends and neighbors invited.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at 2.30 o'clock. Leaves Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

RECEIPTS.

Wotherspoon \$1, Levison 65c, Weeks 50c, Leonhardt 50c.

VIEWS OF HOME.

1. General View of Home from Rocky Point and entrance to Bay.
 2. Clam Digging.
 3. Boat and Beach Scene.
 4. Across the Bay.
 5. Rocky Point.
 6. Worden Residence.
 7. Adams Residence.
 8. Cheyse Residence.
 9. Discontent Office.
 10. Parker Residence.
 11. Interior of Schoolroom No. 1.
 12. Interior of Schoolroom No. 2.
- Price, mounted, 25 cents; unmounted 15 cents. Order by number of DISCONTENT. As new views are taken they will be added to the list.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

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God and the State. By Michael Bak-unin. 05
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God and Government: The Siamese Twins of Superstition. W. E. Nevill. 05
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No man is wise enough to foresee the secondary results of any proposed restriction, and no history is copious enough to record the evils that have ensued upon denials of liberty.—George E. Macdonald.

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Grant Allen needs no introduction to reading, thinking men and women. Man of science, a writer of charming expository and imaginative prose, he was, perhaps, at his best when bravely leading on, as in this brilliant brochure, in the fight against degrading religious and moral superstitions and time-sacred wrongs. No brief description can tell you what this splendid little work embraces; no short excerpts can satisfy you. Price 5 cents.

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MEETING.

The Independent Debating Club meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at 909 Market street, San Francisco, Calif. Free discussion. Public invited.

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AGENTS WANTED. WRITE FOR TERMS.
New York and London Electric Ass'n,
Dept Z 929 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of
the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.
The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of, without the unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that
has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of _____ dollars, which entitles _____ to the use and occupancy for life of lot _____ block _____ as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

SEND 10 CENTS for specimens of 10 liberal papers and 10 tracts, circulars and sample of stocking yarn, or 3 cents for a copy of "Little Free thinker." Elmina Drake Sienker, Snowville, Va.